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28 Sept 68  
3:30 AM

Dear Hal,

Nothing pressing in the way of real work here on the ward just now, so I thought I'd try and get a note off to you. (If I stop abruptly you'll know I've had to leave suddenly and attend to something.)

Beckham. Enclosed clip makes clear, I think, what a pathetic fool he actually is... But regarding the May primary: he received 4,854 votes (Second Dist. Incumbent Congressman Cunningham got 43,900), which is a rather more respectable showing than one might expect. It's possible that he was recruited by persons unknown (to me, at least) to test the depth of popular dissatisfaction with Cunningham--it is true, certainly, that more people than usual are unhappy with our caricature of a congressman. We've had high hopes this year because the Democratic candidate (Maxine Morrison, wife of our former governor and an intelligent and quite popular person) seemed to be making very solid progress in her bid for support (the 2nd Dist. has, by the way, a great many more registered Demos than Republicans--but they don't often vote that way!), but with Nixon heading the national ticket I very much doubt that she has a chance. This is real Nixon country (61% in 1960--a statistic Bobby Kennedy didn't hesitate to remind us of when he campaigned here!), and with the lack-luster Demo national candidates--plus a seemingly formidable core of Wallace supporters--Cunningham is not likely to be seriously threatened. Depressing as hell, too. You probably aren't familiar with Cunningham's "record," but suffice it to say, for now, that to call him a reactionary is an understatement. (He rather reminds me of a textbook example of paranoid state. You know: Communism, Foreign Aid, Federal Spending, Lawlessness and other C\*O\*N\*S\*P\*I\*R\*A\*C\*I\*E\*S--plus, now, he's on an "anti-smut" kick...wanting to (ultimately) make the Post Office responsible for what we may or may not receive in the mails. I have so much contempt for this man and the way he uses his office I can hardly bear to talk about him without losing my temper...

When I wrote you last about Brandy I'm afraid I was reacting to something you yourself had in no way stated or implied. Sorry, my friend. Don't pay any attention to what I said. A kind of ambivalence, on this subject, persists and periodically I react rather too openly to it...please don't be offended if it should happen again. Before I send this letter off I'll try and enclose a copy of something I wrote a long time ago--it's called "The Fallen Season." I send it only because it is a clear statement of what I felt then. I could not, of course, feel or write in precisely the same way now...but a certain ambivalence, as I say, persists. Enough said, except to repeat that I regret having made you the recipient of remarks you certainly didn't deserve.

Nothing more on Harber, yet. Still hope to go hear what du Berrier has to say Monday night, unless impossible to remain anonymous...in which case I would probably decide not to risk irresponsible journalists possibly linking my magazine with such a bizarre political group. Not worth it, to say the least.

Thanks for Midlothian clip, about which more next time, and for your courteous and honest attention, always, to my queries and miscellaneous puzzlements: my pleasure to know you, Hal.

--All good wishes, *Rei*